At London bridge is nothing neere her

Petruc. How gott she tongue?

Soph. As you gott tayle, she was borne toot.

Petru. Lockt out a doores, and on my wedding night,
nay and I suffer this I may goe graze.
come gentlemen, Ile batter, are these vertues?

Soph Doe, and be beaten of with shame as I was.
I went vp, came to the doore, knockd, no body answerd,
knockd lowder, yet hard nothing, would haue
broke in by force, when suddainly a water worke
flew from the windore with such a violence
that had I not duckd quickly like a fryer, cetera quis nescit?
the chamber's nothing but a meere Ostend,
in euery windore pewter canons mounted,
youle quickly find with what they are chargd Sir,

Petru. Why then Tantara for vs.

Sopho. & all the lower workes lynd sure with small shot,
long tongs with fire-lockes that at 12 score blanck
hit to the hart, now and you deare goe vp.— Enter Maria and Bianca [illegible]

Moro. The windore opens, beate a parly first,
I am so much amazd my very haire stand.

Petron Why how now daughter, what Intrenchts?

Maria A little guarded for my safety Sir.

Petru. For your safety sweet-hart, why, who offends you?
I comme not to vse violence.

Mari. I thinke you cannot Sir, I am better fortified.

Petru. I know your end, you would fayne reprive your mayden head
a night or two.

Mari. Yis,
or ten, or twenty Sir, or say a hundred
or indeed till I list lye with you.

Sophocles.

Soph. Thats a shrewd saying, from this houre
I will neuer believe a silent woman,
when they breake out they are bon-fires.

Petron. Till you list lye with him? why who are you Madam

Bian. That trimme gentlemans wife Sir.

Petru. Crie ye mercy, doe ye command too?

Mari. Yes mary doth shee, and in cheefe.

Bian. I doe command, and you shall goe without
I meane your wife, for this night.

Mari. And for the neext too wench, and so as't follows.

Petro. Thou wilt not, wilt a?

Mari. Yes indeed deare father,
& till he seales to what I shall sett downe
for anie thing I know for euer.

Soph. Birlady these are buggs words!

Fran. You heare her Sir, she can talke heauen be thanked.

Petru. I would I heard it not

Soph I find that all the pitty bestowed vpon this woman,
makes but an anagramme of an ill wife
for she was neuer vertuous.

Petru. Youle let me in I hope, for all this iesting?

Mari. Hope still Sir,

Petro. You will come downe I am sure.

Mari I am sure I will not.

Petro. Ile fetch you then.

Bian. The power of the whole County cannot Sir,
vnlesse we please to yeld, which yet I thinke
we shall not, charge when you please, you shall
heare quickly from vs.

Moro. Heauen blesse me from a chicken of thy hatching

Petru. Prethee Maria tell me whats the reason